NUMB. CLX.

The GUARDIAN.

Solventur risu tabulæ, tu missus abibis. Hor.

Monday, September 14. 1713.

FROM Writing the History of Lyons, I lately went off to that of Ants, but to my great Surprise, I find that some of my good Readers have taken this last to be a work of Invention, which was only a plain Narrative of matter of Fact. They will several of them have it that my last *Thursday* and *Friday*'s Papers are full of concealed Satyr, and that I have attacked People in the shape of Pismires, whom I durst not meddle with in the shape of Men. I must confess that I write with Fear and Trembling ever since that ingenious Person the *Examiner* in his little Pamphlet, which was to make way for one of his following Papers, found out Treason in the word *Expect*.

But I shall for the future leave my Friend to manage that Controverse in a separate Work, being unwilling to fill with Disputes a Paper which was undertaken purely out of Good-will to my Countrymen. I must therefore declare that those Jealousies and Suspicions, which have been raised in some weak Minds, by means of the two abovementioned Discourses concerning Ants or Pismires, are altogether Groundless. There is not an Emmit in all that whole Narrative who is either Whig or Tory; and I could heartily wish, that the Individuals of all Parties among us, had the Good of their Country at Heart, and endeavoured to advance it by the same Spirit of Frugality, Justice, and mutual Benevolence, as are visibly exercised by Members of those little Common-wealths.

After this short Preface, I shall lay before my Reader a Letter or two which occasioned it.

(Price Two Pence.)

Mr. IRONSIDE,

'I Have laid a Wager with a Friend of mine about 'the Pidgeons that used to peck up the Corn 'which belonged to the Ants. I say that by these 'Pidgeons you mean the *Palatines*. He will needs 'have it that they were the *Dutch*. We both agree 'that the Papers upon the Strings which frighted 'them away, were *Pamphlets*, *Examiners*, and 'the like. We beg you will satisfie us in this particular, because the Wager is very considerable, 'and you will much oblige two of your

Daily Readers.

Old IRON,

'WHY so Rusty? Will you never leave your 'Innuendo's? Do you think it hard to find 'out who is the Tulip in your last *Thursday*'s Paper. Or can you imagine that three Nests of Ants 'is such a Disguise, that the plainest Reader cannot 'see three Kingdoms through it. The blowing up 'of the Neighbouring Settlement, where there was 'a Race of poor Beggarly Ants, under a worse Form 'of Government, is not so difficult to be explained 'as you imagine. *Dunkirk* is not yet Demolished. 'Your Ants are Enemies to Rain are they! Old 'Birmingham, no more of your Ants, if you don't 'intend to stir up a Nest of Hornets.

Will. Wasp,